Your letter is with *Iubiter* by this.

Titus. Ha, ha, *Publius*, *Publius*, what hast thou done?
See, see, thou hast shot off one of *Taurus* hornes.

Marcus. This was the sport my Lord, when *Publius* shot
The Bull being galde, gaue *Aries* such a knocke,
That downe fell both the Rams hornes in the Court,
And who should finde them but the Empresse villaine:
Shee laught, and tolde the *Moore* hee should not choose,
But giue them to his Master for a present.

Titus. VVhy there it goes, God giue his Lordship ioy.

Enter the Clowne *with a basket and two pidgeons in it.*

Clowne. Newes, newes from heauen,
Marcus the Poast is come.

Titus. Sirra what tidings, haue you any letters,
Shall I haue iustice, what saies *Iubiter*?

Clowne. Ho the Gibbetmaker? Hee saies that he hath taken them downe againe, for the man must not be hanged till the next weeke.

Titus. But what saies *Iubiter* I aske thee?

Clowne. Alas sir, I know not *Iubiter*,
I neuer dranke with him in all my life.

Titus. VVhy villaine art not thou the Carrier.

Clowne. I of my pidgeons sir, nothing els.

Titus. VVhy didst thou not come from heauen?

Clowne. From heauen, alas sir, I neuer came there,
God forbid I should be so bolde, to presse to heauen in my young daies:
VVhy I am going with my pidgeons to the tribunall Plebs, to take vp a matter of brawle betwixt my Vncle, and one of the Emperals men.

Marcus. VVhy sir, that is as fit as can bee to serue for your Oration, and let him deliuer the pidgeons to the Emperour from you.

Titus.

Titus. Tell mee, can y
perour with a grace.

Clowne. Nay truelie
my life.

Titus. Sirra come hit
But giue your pidgeons
By mee thou shalt haue
Hold, hold, meane while
Giue me pen and inke.
Sirra, can you with a gra

Clowne. I sir.

Titus. Then here is a Su
come to him, at the firs
kisse his foote, then del
looke for your reward,
brauelie.

Clowne. I warrant you

Titus. Sirra hast thou
Here *Marcus*, fold it in
For thou hast made it li
And when thou hast giu
Knocke at my doore, an

Clowne. God be with

Titus. Come *Marcus*

Enter Emperour and
Emperour bring
that

Saturnine. VVhy Lord
an Emperour in Rome
Troubled, confronted
O fegall iustice, vsde in